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Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

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BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., TUESDAY SEPT. 3, 1861.

PRICE. TWO CENTS

TO HORSE OWNERS!

Dr. Bryden's HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES.

Which have been most successfully used in my own practice throughout Vermont and New England for several years, are now offered TO THE PUBLIC, for the rapid cure of all diseases incident to

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Hotel Keepers, Livery Stable keepers, Horse Buyers, Stage men, Farmers, and others in every section, are aware of the success that has attended the use of these medicines whenever I have used them, and I now offer them in full confidence that they will prove the "needful remedies" for all horse and cattle owners' use.

Wm. BRYDEN,
Veterinary Surgeon.

North Craftsbury, Vt.

These medicines consist of

Dr. Bryden's Condition Powders,

For Horses and Cattle out of condition—

DR. BRYDEN'S

Cough or Heave Powder,

For Coughs, Heaves or Broken Wind.

DR. BRYDEN'S URINE POWDER,

For Stoppage of Water or too scanty discharges.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Embrocation & Liniment,

Will cure Sore Throats and Horse Distemper, swelled neck, old sores, bruises, sprains, cramps, and lameness of every description, in the shortest possible time.

Dr. Bryden's Bone Compound,

For Ring Bone, splint, or any enlargement on the bone, from kick, blow or any other cause. This compound will stop the growth of the enlargement, and entirely cure the lameness. Perfect success has always attended the use of this valuable compound.

Dr. Bryden's Remedy

For Corns and Thrush. Wonderful cures of the worst cases have been performed with this excellent remedy. No article in use can be compared with this for Corns, Thrush, Foul in Cattle, and foot rot in sheep.

Dr. Bryden's SPECIFIC FOR SCRATCHES, NEVER FAILS! NEVER FAILS!

It will entirely cure the hardest cases of Scratches. Follow the directions, and it will surely cure. Also for itching or rubbing off of hair, and cause rapid growth of hair wherever applied.

DR. BRYDEN'S

Hoof Compound,

To grow the hoof, in case of contracted feet, flat feet, quarter crack, &c. A complete new healthy hoof can be grown out by use of this compound in a short time.

DR. BRYDEN

Is so well known by horse owners in Vermont, that it is scarcely necessary to say anything of his universal success in treating any disease of Horses & Cattle. And in presenting these medicines prepared with the greatest care from his receipts, we have only to say to such as have seen his remedies used,

You Know what they will do and to all who have HORSES and CATTLE in their care, you have only to give them a single trial to be fully convinced that they are

THE BEST REMEDIES

Ever sold in Vermont.

Full directions with each package.

PRICE ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PREPARED BY

FRED. E. SMITH, DRUGGIST

Montpelier, Vermont.

SMITH'S

ANODYNE

COUGH DROPS

Has stood the test of a

Ten Year's Trial,

and is now acknowledged

THE BEST IN USE.

It has the fullest confidence of its patrons, and over 60,000 Bottles

having been sold in Vermont is a guarantee of its efficacy.

The Price is within the Reach of All.

so that the poorest families in town need never be without this most

VALUABLE REMEDY.

To prevent the sad consequences of a hard cold or hacking cough, be prompt to procure

The Anodyne Cough Drops,

For it always cures.

PHYSICIANS

also in all parts of the State, use it in their practice and in their own families.

They say it is excellent for

COUGHS COLDS, CROUP,

ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, &c.

And this is the universal voice of people who use it. As a FAMILY MEDICINE, for sudden Colds, for Children, and for aged people who cough and are kept awake at night, we do verily believe there is not so

GOOD AND RELIABLE REMEDY

in the land, when such men as Dr. Clark, Dr. Bigelow, Hon. E. P. Walton, Dr. Smith, Dr. Rublee, Hon. D. P. Thompson, Capt. Jewett, Dea. C. W. Storey, Ellis & Hatch,

give the highest recommendations for its use we ask

WHO CAN DOUBT IT!

FATHER HOBART,

The Oldest Minister in New England,

gives his strongest recommendation of its efficacy and for its use.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST,

You can run no risk, for every bottle is

Warranted!

PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRED. E. SMITH, Proprietor,
Montpelier, Vt.

PAINTS!

Those who want

PURE

Paints and Oils

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

can find the largest assortment in Vermont, at the

DRUG AND PAINT STORE

OF

L. F. PIERCE & CO.,

MONTPELIER.

P. S. Sole Agents for State's

MIDDLESEX OIL.

PURE

MIDDLESEX OIL.

As certain parties in Montpelier have for years past sold inferior Oil as being of my manufacture, I deem it necessary, and have opened an Office at

L. F. PIERCE'S

Drug and Paint Store

AT

MONTPELIER,

for the sale of my

OIL!

All who wish Oil of the best quality, and

Perfectly Pure!

can get it at my Office in Montpelier, at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Merchants, Painters, and those who buy by the Barrel or more, shall have it at Factory price, delivered at my Office in Montpelier. ENOS STILES, L. F. PIERCE, Agent

J. W. ELLIS & CO'S.

50 doz. Seythes, Warranted. 50 doz. Snaths of all kinds. 25 doz. Forks, two and three Times. 25 doz. Warden's Rakes. 20 doz. Whet Stones. For sale at J. ELLIS & CO'S.

Montpelier, June 24, 1861.

SMITH'S

ANODYNE

COUGH

DROPS

Have been before the people of Vermont for more than ten years, and a sale of more than 60,000 Bottles is the best recommendation of the people.

PHYSICIANS!

MINISTERS!

AND PEOPLE,

use Smith's Anodyne Cough Drops, with the utmost satisfaction.

THE OLDEST

MINISTER IN

NEW ENGLAND,

THE REV. FATHER HOBART,

has used it for many years, and recommends its use in the strongest terms.

MOTHERS USE IT FOR

CHILDREN

TEETHING

and it proves to them the one thing needful, in every case.

RICH AND POOR,

HIGH AND LOW,

OLD AND YOUNG

SHOULD USE

SMITH'S ANODYNE COUGH DROPS

Only 25 cents per bottle.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist, Proprietor,

MONTPELIER, VT.

GENUINE

Middlesex Oil!

I have this day purchased

RAW AND BOILED OIL

Of Mr. ENOS STILES, Middlesex, Vt., which I will sell to Painters, Paint Dealers and Builders, at the lowest market prices.

FRED. E. SMITH, Druggist,

Montpelier, Vt.

BEAR IN MIND!

The True Raw and Boiled

MIDDLESEX OIL

cannot be found at every place. So call for all your

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Japan Spirits, Tur-

pentine, Brushes, &c.,

at the Drug Store of

FRED. E. SMITH,

Montpelier, Vt.

BOSTON JOURNAL,

MORNING AND EVENING EDITION

For sale at the Publisher's prices, by the subscriber, under J. R. LANGDON'S Flour Store, or delivered to Village subscribers at their residences. Also, at by Stagecoach otherwise, cut of town.

Montpelier, May 25, 1861. A. J. SWEET.

Poetry.

O! I Want to Cross Over!

BY REV. S. HARTSOUGH.

Oh have you not heard of that realm of delight,
To which the blessed Savior doth each one invite?
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blessed,
'Tis over the River where the weary find rest.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, don't you where he reigns
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains?
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed;
Yes, over the River, where the fields are all green.

True, death's foaming billows are rolling between,
But glories are there such as eye hath not seen;
And songs are there sung such as ear hath not caught;
And the way o'er the River the Savior hath taught.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, &c.

'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight,
Overflowing with gladness, refulgent with light,
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
O! I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, &c.

Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold,
Its fulness of joy no tongue can unfold;
Its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along;
O'er the River, enticing a sin-redeemed throng.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, &c.

There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come,
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they always are seen,
Away o'er the River, where the valleys are green.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, &c.

'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever all happy and free;
I'll join the redeemed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark River, bright Angels will guide.

CHORUS—O! I want to cross over, &c.

Miscellany.

A Soldier's Experience.

The night before the battle two soldiers were talking together. One was a Christian young man, the other was not. The unconverted man was in great heaviness of mind. He had been for some time anxious about his soul. He went to his friend to open to him all his heart, and said to him,

"I do not see as there can be any mercy for me."

"Why not mercy for you?" inquired the friend.

"Because I cannot find it."

"What do you want to find?"

"Want to find! I want to find relief, I want to find happiness."

"My poor friend, happiness is very desirable, but you will never find it if you seek it as an end. You must find—"

"Find what?"

"Why you must find Christ. You must be cleansed from sin in order to be made happy. You must be renewed and sanctified and purified by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. You must find Christ here and now. You have no time to lose."

"Well, how shall I find Him?"

"Believe on Him with all your heart.—Tell Him you renounce all your sins and are sorry for them, and consecrate all you are and all you have to Him. Give everything away for Him, and take Him to your heart instead of everything else."

"And shall I then be saved?"

"Believing in Christ you cannot be lost.—You are saved already. You are passed from death unto life. You may depend on it I tell you the truth. He says, if you simply believe, you shall never perish—neither any be able to pluck you out of His hand. Him that cometh unto me, He says, I will in no wise cast out. He also says that whom He loveth, He loves unto the end. Now can you not believe and trust your soul to Him?"

The two friends were separated for the night, or that part which was given for rest. But before daylight they found themselves together again. They were marching towards the field of battle, shoulder to shoulder, and knew not when nor where they would meet the enemy.

"How do you feel now?" said the pious soldier to the other.

"Oh unspeakably happy!" he replied.

"Happy, what makes you happy?"

"Oh, I have found Christ."

So the new convert revealed to his pious companion how he had found his new joy in the early morning of that fatal 21st of July.

The soldier said: We went upon the field together, he talking and I listening with glad surprise to his rich experience of forgiving grace in Jesus Christ. By-and-by we were in the midst of the roar of cannon and musketry, and my friend was shot dead at my side.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Panorama of Life.

"They are nothing but trees!" exclaimed a country-weary person, to whom the sight of a magnificent forest brought no elevated pleasure, but rather a feeling of satiety and disgust. So we may feel, even if we do not give expression to the unamiable thought.

"They are nothing but men, women, and children," these immortals that crowd our pathway, and, by constant companionship, become so uninteresting. We are apt to regard the "shifting scene" in which they move with blinded eyes and unsusceptible hearts, and to look away to some theatre of brilliant and surprising events for an idea of what the great world is doing, and for the working of that mysterious power which we denominate life. But there is a picture ever before our eyes, as complete in each part, as varied in lights and shades as any we may have imagined. Whether we are in the field, the crowded mart, or by our own fireside, we behold the pulse of life beating on but are unmindful, perhaps, that every scene is a part of the panorama, bearing such momentous issues, and moving towards the goal of human destiny.

The darkening shadow and the pall of death sometimes directs the wandering mind to the realities of our existence, and gives it a comprehensive vision. While mourning the fading of earthly hopes, the fall of the sere and yellow leaf the infant's untimely death, the strong man's burial, we often exclaim, with a pang of conscious self-weakness, "Such is life!" So, likewise, we may behold all our buds of promise bursting into flowers, and repeat, with equal truthfulness, "Such is life!" We dwell not altogether in shadows, thanks to God! Hark to nature's ten thousand minstrels; see the glorious sky above, taste the sweet joys of love and friendship which flow almost without measure to human hearts, and confess how sweet, after all, is this "vain, illusive world."

Shadow and sunshine, justly blended together, make up the picture on which we gaze, and which shall descend to coming generations.

What food for study and theory we may discover by glancing upon the thronged street of a city. Imagination flies through a hundred probable and improbable speculations, as crowds move forward, divide, pass from sight, and others appear and occupy their places. Here mingle closely people of both sexes, of all ages, and, perhaps, of many nations; but with widely different feelings, interests and aspirations. Here are sullen, cold, proud, calm, innocent, guilty, gay, and sorrowful faces, bearing expressions as varied and numerous as are the passions that animate the hearts of men. Very soon we find ourselves giving expression to our thoughts, so sure are we of the correctness of our theory. It is certain that that man with the hard, stony eyes and eager face, jostling the crowd unceremoniously from his path, is striding to the worship of his heart's idol—gold. It must be, too, that that pale girl is a seamstress, and is going to her thankless task, where, in the lonely hours of night, she is wearing away the remnant of her unhappy life. There is a staid, elderly man with a kind, benevolent face. If he has not money to give, he surely has gentle words, pity, and sympathy for the unfortunate. There is a stalwart African bearing within his dark bosom a light and cheerful heart. There, the son of the millionaire, looking scornfully into the face of the beggar by his side. That smiling coquette, thirsting for admiration, is not more beautiful than was once the wretched being in tinsel and dingy laces, whom she is passing. Ah, there is a thoughtful young student dreaming of labor, and of laurels for his reward; and closely following him a hardened villain, on whom words of love, sympathy and warning are as vain in their influence as is the idle wind. Yonder the carriage of a rich man passes, and smiling faces peer out in painful contrast to that meager funeral procession, following its pale dead to an humble burial. Thus we behold the mass, composed of such different elements, moving steadily onward—

"Each where his tasks or pleasures call;
They pass and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In his large love and tender thought."

These struggling tides of life that seem in onward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream,
That rolls to its appointed end."

M. A. H.

Written for the Vermont Christian Messenger.

Sunday School Festival at Chelsea.

Soon after we saw the notice in your paper that a Festival was to be held in Chelsea on the 21st inst., we invited the Congregational Sabbath School to unite with us, and thus give character to the enterprise as a union Festival; they cordially accepted the invitation and entered into the preliminary arrangements with cheerful hearts and helping hands.

Wednesday, the 21st of August, the day appointed for our Festival was one of the most pleasant and beautiful of the season. At an early hour the artificial grove erected for the occasion presented a lively scene.—Buxom youths were busily engaged in adjusting ornamental wreaths and borders so tastefully arranged by cunning fingers, while at the same time the ladies were as actively employed in placing upon the table the rich dainties prepared for the occasion in such lavish profusion.

After completing our labors here, we repaired to the M. E. Church to await the arrival of delegations from schools in the neighboring towns. These soon arriving we proceeded to form in procession in the following order: The speakers and other members of the clerical profession present took the lead, followed by thirty-four patriotic young ladies—dressed in splendid uniforms, representing the "thirty-four States of our Union." Next came the M. E. Sabbath School of Chelsea, followed by Chelsea Congregational Sabbath School, then came the Williamstown School, after which the Schools from Tunbridge and Royalton, and in the rear a large concourse of citizens and friends. The procession was then escorted by the Williamstown Brass Band, which furnished us with excellent music on the occasion, through the streets to the grove where we passed under an arch into the grove. The Band was then conducted by a special agent to "Camp Morrill" and escorted the Volunteer soldiers encamped there to our grove, where they were invited to participate in the entertainments. The Band was then conducted to the "stand" with the speakers.

The vast assembly was then called to order by the President, Mr. Wm. F. Dickinson. The Sabbath School children then joined in singing "The Greeting Song," after which prayer was offered by Rev. Peter Merrill, and then all joined heartily in singing "Joyfully." A blessing was then invoked by Rev. E. Penttengill, and all present partook of the bountiful repast with which the tables were so richly laden.

We were again called to order by the President. The Band then volunteered and gave us a very fine specimen of music.

Rev. Z. S. Haynes then came forward and declined speaking introducing as a substitute a Mr. Pember—a soldier of the 2nd Vermont Regiment, who was in the battle at Bull run, and who there received a wound, unfitting him for active service at present.—He gave a very interesting account of the battle, and stated that he refused to take a discharge from service, but is at home on a furlough, and is going back to "settle the books" as soon as he recovers from the effects of his wound. He was listened to with intense interest by the hundreds who gave vent to their enthusiasm by three good lusty cheers, upon his taking his seat.

The Sabbath School children were then addressed by the following persons: Revs. W. E. McAllister, D. A. Mack and Peter Morrill. Sentiments were then offered by Ezra Walker and Rev. J. L. Roberts. Mr. Storrs, Superintendent of Chelsea Congregational Sabbath School, came forward and made remarks, after which Rev. J. S. Spiny pronounced the benediction, and the several schools retired to their respective homes. It was a day of universal interest to all present, and we are happy to pronounce the Festival a complete success. The day seemed to pass pleasantly, and everything moved in harmony, and we think great praise and many thanks are due the citizens of Chelsea for their united efforts, which have secured success to their enterprise. And we can but hope the friends of the Sabbath-School cause will take fresh courage, and prosecute their labors in this direction with renewed energy, trusting that their labors will be amply rewarded by Him who gave the injunction, "Feed my Lambs."

F. H. ROBERTS, Secretary.

Chelsea, Aug. 27, 1861.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.—We are among that class of philosophers who are of the opinion that joyfulness and mirth are conducive and even necessary to long life; it is only your low-spirited, misanthropic, moody bodies who die off before they have made half a life of it. Now, in conducting our paper, we strive to throw into its columns a spice of wit and humor that shall render it doubly palatable to our immense list of subscribers. We avoid disagreeable and dry details, and endeavor to give such matter as shall interest, instruct and amuse our readers, always giving them such food for the palate as promotes laughter and good spirits. Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. There is no denying the fact that laughter is good for the health; it is a provocative to the appetite and a friend to digestion. The far-famed Dr. Lydenham once said that the arrival of a merry-andrew in town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants, than twenty asses loaded with medicine. Who ever read our merry-making column, enjoying a good cheerful side-splitting laugh over its contents, that did not feel better for it a whole week after? Viva la fun and frolic! Laugh and grow fat!—J. Ex.

DRUM MAJOR.—Major T. R. Clark of Chester Drum Major of the First Vermont Regiment, has been appointed to the same position in the 5th Regiment.